

Broken Strings

by HamClover

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Summary: (Dedicated to Michiko) When Jingle's favorite guitar breaks, he and Herbert travel out in search for someone who can fix it. He soon joins up with Gladys a young ham more mature than she really should be. Can Jingle show her how to have fun again? RR!

1. A Pig and Hamster

Broken Strings By HamClover

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Ha, ha, ha. I'm a bad girl for not writing in so long! Bonks self in head Sowy! So many things have happened, and I just can't explain em' all right now! I advise you read all the updates on my site to get your homework done. Okie dokie! Here's the fic!

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There it was. Just sitting there in all its' red and white glory. It was a beautiful piece of work indeed. It had nicely shaped curves and was not an inch too out of tune. It was a guitar. Jingle's guitar.

Jingle sat under a bush quizzically staring at his guitar, which was spotted by random patches of light.

"Of all things," He sighed.

He picked his guitar up, and proving his confusion, he held a broken guitar. Two strings had snapped in half.

Herbert poked his plump pink nose into the bush and nudged the broken instrument snorting "Oinky!" over and over.

"I just don't know how it could have broke," Jingle said calmly. He

attempted to play the guitar, but it didn't sound at all good. He blinked.

"Oinky.." Herbert whined, nudging the guitar more.

Jingle slowly put his paw up gesturing for the pig to stop. He calmly crept out of the bush, guitar in hand. He then proceeded to hop on Herbert. We he finally did get on the pig, Jingle squinted far off in front of him and smiled. "Ahead of us will be many challenges, many perils," Herbert stared at him. "But, we will prevail, and nothing will stop us in our journey to destiny!"

"Oinky?" Herbert asked.

Jingle snapped out of his speech and glanced down at the pig.

"All, I mean, Herbert, is that we are going to get new strings for my guitar. I can't play it with broken strings."

With that, Jingle urged Herbert onward. Squinting, Jingle scanned the horizon for anyone whom could help in his time of need. Of course, to any average hamster, seeing a hamster with awkward hair holding a broken guitar and riding a pig four times the size of them would scare them away. And finally, after searching far into the evening, Jingle found a "victim".

"Excuse me," He said to a young girl ham slightly older than Penelope.

The little girl wheeled around in surprise and gawked at Jingle. She had been hanging tiny little scraps of cloth that her family had found many uses for on the line. The girl herself was dark ash brown in color and sported a large butterfly clip holding up her sloppy ponytail.

"Uh, uh..." She stuttered.

"Excuse me," Jingle continued, "Do you happen to have Guitar strings?"

"For...what?"

"My wonderful companion in making sounds that soothe the soul has been injured. She needs assistance, strings."

"What?"

"Strings"

"For what!?"

"Strings,"

At that point the young girl ham had about enough. She put her paws on her hips and shouted,

"Hey! I don't know who you are mister! But do you need help or what!?"

Jingle paused for a moment. "Oh, my name is Jingle," He answered finally.

The girl seemed satisfied and introduced herself also. "I'm Gladys," She said rather maturely, "Now what do you need?"

"Strings, for my guitar." Jingle answered.

Gladys stared at Jingle. She looked rather angry.

"DOES IT LOOK LIKE I HAVE ANY STRINGS!?" She screamed.

Jingle blinked.

"I DON'T HAVE ANY FREAKIN' GUITAR STRINGS! NEVER HAVE, AND 'PROLLY NEVER WILL!!!!!"

"Uhhh, okay then, goodbye." Jingle said as if not noticing what Gladys shouted. He started walking away.

Gladys, catching her breathe, was far too confused to stop him. She simply let out a sigh and continued doing her chore.

Jingle gazed around the land, the setting sun was beginning to get in his eyes. Not really caring about what just happened, he continued his search. After all, he just wants to fix his broken strings.

And that's the end of chapter one. I'm not sure if it's all that good but do send a review!

2. The Runaway

Broken Strings By HamClover

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Aha! Yes, it is the second chapter of DOOM!!! Muwahahaha! Eheh, not really. Okay so this is the second chappy and I am still totally not sure about how the whole plot is gonna go out or what genre this is exactly going to be! Gah, I sure am rusty...

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Chapter 2:

Gladys never was the type to give a big friendly welcome to other people. She never was the most outgoing or the best looking, either. And after running into Jingle, she convinced herself that she was simply having yet another bad day and everything, hopefully, would be better in the morning. And of course, it was not.

"What!? You must be crazy!" Gladys squeaked. She stood in front of her mother who had her paws on her hips in an impatient manner.

"I'm sorry, Gladys," She said nervously, "We just simply could not find him,"

"But why!? Oh man! Errol, her is so going to get it!" Gladys shouted

to apparently no one.

Gladys' mother looked at her and sighed. "Errol HAS gone missing, Gladys, and I'm sorry but there is nothing we could do about it. It was his choice whether he wanted to live with us or not."

Gladys' eyes were beginning to fill with tears.

"Errol, that bas-"

"Gladys! I told you! Errol is gone! Listen to me!"

Gladys looked her mother in the eye and soon realized that she was serious. Slowly sulking off, staring at the ground, Gladys realized that they would do nothing about it. She knew what she had to do. So she took off, she ran, not looking back.

The reason why Gladys was so upset about Errol was because he was her fiancÃ©. Her mother had found Errol when he was very young and without a home. Gladys had become quick friends with Errol. Her mother had taken a liking to the boy and soon declared that Errol and Gladys would marry when they were older and would live in their childhood home and raise a family. Errol and Gladys did like each other, but Errol was very independent and would often do things without permission and get into trouble. Gladys would often warn him not to this or that, but yet she had a deep admiration for whenever he'd become rebellious. And now, Gladys thought, Errol had decided to leave Gladys and her mother for more action in life.

"Errol!" Gladys screamed to herself. "I am SO gonna find you! And when I do, I will so kick you as-"

"Excuse me," Someone interrupted.

Gladys looked up right into the eyes of Jingle. She gave him a snooty look and said, "What the heck are you doing here!?"

Jingle looked at Herbert and then glanced up at the clouds.

"Did I tell you already?" He asked, not exactly paying any attention.

"Pssh! Well duh! I know who you are!" Gladys snorted.

Jingle stared blankly at Gladys and then diverted his attention to the setting sun.

"Berries," He said.

Gladys blinked. "...what?"

"Berries. The fruit of the bush. If I find then, then my guitar will be healed,"

Gladys sighed, and crossing her arms, looked behind her to see if her mother was following.

"Hey," She began, "You wouldn't mind if I, you know, went with you for a while? It looks like you have more room."

"The leaves are a' blowin' and Herbert is hungry. Let's go then." Jingle answered.

Gladys smiled obnoxiously and hopped onto Herbert's back.

"Now it'll be a cinch finding Errol!" Gladys said to herself.

3. The Poppy Field

Broken Strings By HamClover

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Yes it is the third chapter already. Heh. That's pretty good for me, since I have a serious problem with not finishing fics! (Take "Truly Nolan" and "Hammy Poller" for example) hits head Bad me! Bad, bad, me!

Random Fanboy: Oh no! Don't hurt yourself! It's okay that you don't finish lots of your fics! Everyone does sooner or later!

Clover: sniff, sniff Really?

Random Fanboy: Yeah, yeah! In fact we're not mad at you at all!

Clover: Oh yay!

Random Fanboy: Yes we all worship you! bows

Clover: jumps up and down I am loved!

Clover's Computer: No you're not, idiot. cracks whip Now get to work!

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Chapter 3-

Gladys woke up with dried tears on her cheeks. She slowly sat up and adjusted to the light. It was very late, about three o' clock. She daintily wiped her face.

"Why was I crying?" She thought to herself.

She soon remembered why.

"Oh," She said flatly.

Gladys gazed at the ground, reminiscing her dream...

"Come on! Hurry up you slowpoke!" Someone had shouted.

In her dream, Gladys was sitting in a field of poppies. The air had a nostalgic feel to it, as dreams often do.

"Where are you?" She snapped to the stranger calling her.

"Come play!" The voice called.

A confused Gladys stood up to find her summoner. "Where are you?" She asked again, louder than the last.

"Why won't you come play?" The voice asked.

Gladys screamed and jumped back in surprise. Because the strange voice belonged to Errol.

"Er-Errol!" Gladys sighed in relief.

"I want you to come play." Errol whispered softly.

Gladys stared at him, blushing slightly.

"Errol, we're too young to play those little games. You know that."

"But I found a really fun place."

"Errol! Please! Act more mature! You know my mother hates when you act childish like this!"

"Come play..." Errol scoffed.

"Errol! Stop it now! I don't want to play with you! We have to worry about other things, like chores, taking care of my mother, you have to be a responsible adult!" Gladys' voice hushed slightly as her eyes stared at a slow moving butterfly sitting on a poppy flower, her eyes began to fill with tears as she quietly murmured, "I don't want to marry someone who doesn't act their age..."

All was silent.

"Heh," Errol sneered, "You're no fun!"

Gladys quickly looked up, and found that Errol was no longer in front of her. Instead, it was her father.

Back in real life, Gladys shivered at the thought of her dream. She and Errol often bickered about things like responsibility and maturity. Errol always wanted to have a good time, and always managed to retain his inner child. Gladys, on the other hand, felt that work always came before play. Ever since Gladys' father had died, she felt that helping her mother with work would help ease the pain she and her mother had felt. Gladys being an only child was another factor. Her mother was always stressing about her health, because Gladys, at one point, did have siblings, but yet they died of a strange disease a few days after birth. Gladys was considered the lucky one for surviving.

"How am I the lucky one!?" Gladys asked herself. Tears began rolling down her cheeks again. "How am I lucky that my father and siblings died, and now my best friend is missing! How lucky is that!?
Huh!?"

She beat her paw against the ground in frustration.

"No...no...it isn't lucky at all."

Gladys paused, realizing that she was not alone. Slowly looking up, she glanced over to Jingle, who was fitfully snoozing on Herbert's back. The sight made her smile a little.

And oh, how one little smile could make a big difference in one's day.

4. A Log Worth Thinking About

Broken Strings By HamClover

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This is chapter four. Count it, four. (Obviously, Clover is writing this early in the morning, um, say ten o' clock, which is sorta early for her, and has nothing interesting to talk about) I had four pieces of toast the other day.

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Chapter 4:

It was the next morning and Gladys was warming herself with her paws sitting on Herbert's back. It was very chilly for a May morning, and Gladys sure did feel it. Jingle, on the other hand, appeared not to worry about the chilly air, and simply continued searching for a person to fix his guitar.

"Simple minded," Gladys thought to herself as she huddled up against the pig's bandana. Herbert sneezed slightly in response.

Jingle quietly hopped back on Herbert's back and looked at Gladys.

"People around here don't seem to like guitars much," Is all he said that morning.

By mid-afternoon, the weather had a change of heart and soon the sun peeked out. But now it was boiling hot. Gladys, feeling like a fried egg on poor Herbert's back, jumped down and started walking under him, where there was plenty of shade. She asked Jingle if he wanted to come down too, but he said no.

"You really should," Gladys warned, with a motherly tone, "It's very hot, you could pass out up there."

"A simple obstacle like that will not interrupt our destiny," Jingle responded.

"You're weird!" Was all Gladys had to say. But really, she grew to envy Jingle's determination. Nothing ever seemed to stop him. He seemed so determined to fix that red guitar of his. And she greatly admired him for that. It reminded her of Errol.

"If there's a log in your way, dig under it!" Errol had always told Gladys whenever a problem came their way.

"If there's a log in your way...dig under it," Gladys quoted. It suddenly gave her an idea.

Shouting to Jingle to stop, Gladys scrambled off the path and into a large bush. She soon skipped out holding a large leaf with a long stem. Crawling up on Herbert's back, she planted the stem in the bandana, and then adjusted it so the leaf would shade her and Jingle.

"There," Gladys said with pride.

Jingle looked up at the leaf and smiled. "Nice," Is all he said.

It was enough to make Gladys beam. She never really thought about Errol's childish words. They all seemed like baby talk. And now she was beginning to realize the importance of his words.

"Oinky!" Herbert squealed delightfully.

5. Cold Campfire

Broken Strings By the girl writing this fic of course

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Ugh, I am waiting for a friend to sign on AIM, (By the way, my screen name is MyClover14), so I decided to write another chappy. I guess this story can win the "what genre it is?" award. I just can't decided what the genre's going to be! Romance or Humor? Angst or Action/Adventure? Oh, I just can't choose. I refuse to put it as "general" though. Oh well, we shall find out when I am done. LET'S SHOOT FOR 100 REVIEWS THIS TIME!!! WOOT! dances in a circle

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Later that evening, the weather choose to be frigid cold again. When anyone would let out a breath, you could see a puff of it, like smoke. Gladys, when she was younger, always loved to imagine that she was a fire-breathing dragon whenever she could see her breath.

But of course, now, Gladys rarely let her imagination take over her mind.

"Sh-shouldn't we find someplace a little more, you know, hidden? So we don't get eaten by cats or something?" Gladys asked, shaking furiously from the cold.

Jingle seemed unscathed by the temperature.

"Let's not." Was all he had to say.

Gladys glared at him but decided to let it roll off her back. Mother had always told her not to mouth off people older than herself. Instead, she changed the topic.

"I really miss Errol," She murmured, squeezing herself tightly to warm up.

Jingle didn't answer.

"I practically knew him my whole life. He was like the brother-"

Gladys looked up at the stars, trying to avoid tears.

"-like the brother I never had,"

(A/N: Yes, I know, short chapter. You can beat me with a stick if you want. hands reader stick)

6. Holding Out For A Hero

Broken Strings By HamClover

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It's raining outside and the weather sure does reflect my mood right now. And I'm home alone all. Night. Long. I hate not talking to people. And, I just found out one of my best online friends can no longer talk on the Internet any more. I feel so sad! I really miss you, Michiko! (Owner of the Ham-Ham Hangout, called Kioko-San or something here) And to top that, while everyone is all chipper about the Hamtaro marathon on tomorrow, (On the evil Cartoon Network, August 21st, from 3 PM to 6) My house has to host a stupid family reunion where I know there is going to be a ton of old people grabbing my cheeks and stuff there, ON THE SAME DAY AND TIME! Ugh, this year so far has not been a good one for me indeed. Hamtaro went off air, I got in a huge fight with one of my best friends, my friends all got horses (and now of all my horse-loving friends, I am the only one horse-less), I've been fighting with my brother and parents a lot, and now this. And, despite all the stuff mentioned there, I manage to keep my effin' sanity. Being a teenager is tough, so, kudos to me. And I will never forget what Michiko told me; "Thanks for being such a good friend!" Sorry about this long rant.

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Chapter Six:

Gladys awoke with Jingle shaking her awake.

Slowly opening her eyes, she realized it was a little past noon. Carefully rising to her knees, she rubbed her eyes.

"Jingle, why'd you wake me up?" She moaned.

Jingle gestured his paw to the road ahead of them. He didn't say a word.

Gladys caught her breath. Crouching right in front of them was a big, smelly, gray old cat. And it was looking in the other direction.

Gladys let her heart slow down as she turned to Jingle and whispered, "What are we gonna do?"

"We will not...do anything." He answered quietly.

Gladys blinked. "Wh-why not?" Gladys squeaked.

"We need to use that path."

"We could walk off the path you know."

"We need to use that path."

"NO WE DON'T NEED TO USE THE DAM- . . . Uh-oh."

The cat saw them. It began shuffling its' large bulk in their direction, hissing.

"This is when we run." Jingle said.

So, Gladys taking the lead, they did exactly what Jingle said-ran.

"Where's Herbert!?" Gladys panted, just realizing his absence.

"Getting breakfast!" Jingle coughed, scrambling behind her.

Gladys wearily glanced back to see if the overweight feline was pursuing them. Sure enough, it was. She let out a sarcastic sigh as she quickened her pace. Jingle soon caught up, matching hers.

"I'm getting tired Jingle! How we gonna stop that dumb cat!?" Gladys shouted, exasperated.

"We need Herbert!" Jingle answered.

"But he's not here!"

"I know."

"We're doomed them!"

Looking back, the two hams realized the inevitable. If something didn't come and stop that cat, they'd be meow mix.

"BOOOO-YAAAAAA!!!!"

Suddenly, Herbert burst out of the bushes and jumped right on top of the cat. In a contest of bulk, the pig won hands down.

Jingle and Gladys wheeled to a stop and skittered back to the now sleeping kitty and Herbert.

"I wonder who shouted that 'boo-yah'!?" Gladys asked, quite excited to see who her savior was. Jingle nodded.

As the two approached Herbert, beaming for saving his master, they looked up on his back, trying to look for the hero.

"Um, excuse me?" Gladys called.

"Just a minute! My foot got tangled in this damn bandanna here!" The

voice shouted from the pig.

"Hey! Don't swear!" Gladys scolded, then, she realized it, "Wait, could you say something?" She asked, shaking with anticipation.

A head peeped out from on top of Herbert's back.

"What?" The ham asked.

"ERROL!" Gladys screamed as she scrambled up Herbert's back. As soon as she made it on his back, she leapt into his arms, crying.

"Errol, I missed you so much!" She blubbered, her face buried in his fur.

Errol smiled and hugged her back. For a youngster, Errol really didn't look like one. He was quite tall and stocky, with long whiskers and big eyes, and his oat-colored fur was slightly ruffled, like a rex hamster. For any young girl ham, he sure was good looking.

"Hey there, Glad-Ware," He said, calling her by a silly nickname.

Gladys ignored his flirty name-calling and only squeezed him hard. When she was finally done, she leaned back and held his paws.

"Why'd you leave, Errol?" She asked.

Errol shyly rubbed the back of his neck with his paw and said, "Well, it's a long story."

Gladys blinked.

Changing the topic, Errol pointed down to Jingle, who was petting Herbert's nose.

"Who's that guy?" He asked.

Gladys smiled. "Oh, that's Jingle. I've been traveling with him. He was looking for something, and I was looking for you!" She answered as she poked Errol's nose playfully.

Jingle waved at Errol.

"Hello there Maryl." He said.

"Umm... it's Errol."

"Yes, Carol."

"It's Errol!"

"Sheryl?"

"Errol!"

"Martha?"

"ERROL!"

And at that point, Gladys had rolled off Herbert's back in laughter.

7. Just A Quick Little Note,

Author's Note-

Ugh I know you guys are prolly gonna hate me but I'm not writing the seventh chapter. As you know by my little rant last chapter, I missed the marathon. Ironically, everyone left as soon as it ended. Wonderful. During the whole time between three and six, I would try my hardest to avoid clocks and if I did, I'd suddenly get stressed out. Hah, it's funny cause' usually I have no problem not thinking about things, but trying to make myself not think about it was hard! Ha, ha, ha! Otherwise, it was fun. I had a strange obsession with badminton and realized I was pretty good at it. Then I stepped in dog poop, barefoot, and nearly laughed my head off! Heh, and then I hadda teach a few kids how to play out Dance Dance Revolution, and me holding back my laugh was quite a sight. Well, I'm dying to know what the Ham-Ham Games special was like! I really, really wanna know! So if you could just quickly tell me what it was like and about the new characters, that'd be great. I mean, I won't give you a Nobel Peace Prize for it, but I'd greatly appreciate it. Yeah, I'm too tired from playing badminton to write. All my creative juices ran out thinking up comebacks while playing.

Bye-bye!

Clover

(Ugh, I better not get in trouble for this! It has Hamtarō in it! I hate tattle-tails!)

8. Trading Post

Broken Strings (Dedicated to my good friend Michiko-Chan!) By HamClover

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Many apologies about the last author's note last chapter. I hope it didn't upset any of you! (Actually, I think I worded one part wrong, so I was worried you guys thought I wasn't gonna' write completely!) Yeah well I stayed up late (again) watching movies (This time it was Satoshi Kon's Millennium Actress, and I didn't know it was subtitled!) I have to stop staying up late. I need to get used to waking up early again! High school starts September 7th!

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Chapter 7 (finally):

"Errol, the least you could do for me is sit up straight," Gladys scolded the hay-colored hamster.

Errol rolled his eyes and glanced at Jingle.

"_See, this is what happens when you get an uptight girlfriend_!"

"I heard that!" Gladys shouted, her paws balled up in fists. It looked like she really was angry, but really she couldn't be happier. Whenever Errol was not around, things would become terribly boring and nothing would seem exciting. (Errol has a knack for making the dullest things fun)

Errol smirked at Gladys' comment and scratched his head.

"Man, am I hungry!" He complained.

Gladys look wearily at Jingle.

"Do we have any food?"

Jingle was inspecting his broken guitar.

"Do we?"

He looked up at slowly shook his head.

Errol snorted.

"Well there's a profound answer!" He said. Gladys glared at him.

"Jingle," She began, "We don't have any food! I haven't eaten in two days! Let's hop on Herbert and go find some!"

"Yeah!" Errol added.

"Wherever the wind blows," Jingle sighed, "We will follow,"

Errol stared at Gladys.

"What the hell is he talking about?"

"Don't ask."

So, after much pushing and shoving, they managed to go on their way. Now they were searching for two things; (one has already been checked off the list; finding Errol) guitar strings and food.

"So why is finding strings for that guitar so darned important?" Errol finally asked. It had been killing him to know.

"Playing my guitar is like breathing for me. It's all freedom."

"...in English?"

Gladys chuckled, turning her head to the frontier ahead of them. Then she spotted something off in the distance. Squinting, she realized what it was.

"Hey! Hey guys!" She shouted, "Look ahead!"

She pointed to the now growing larger brown spot.

"See? I think it's a trading post! We're saved!!"

Jingle and Errol looked ahead, and sure enough, it was.

"Well, good job, hawk eyes," Jingle said.

As they arrived to the slightly run down old building, they noticed piles and piles of seeds. Seeds, seeds, and more seeds! Sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, apple seeds, any a ham could dream of! Just the sight of it made the trio's mouths water.

"We just hafta get some!" Errol exclaimed, running towards them.

"Wait!" Gladys shouted, catching Errol by the ruff of his neck, "This is a trading post! We either have to pay or trade for this stuff!"

"Oh..." Errol said glumly.

Just as Errol sighed, a slightly older hamster trotted out from the building.

"Why hello!" He said with his deep voice. "Welcome!"

"Uh, hi." Gladys greeted back.

"Now what would you three like?" The owner asked.

"***EVERYTHING**!" Errol screamed. Gladys smacked him.

"_Shut up_!" She whispered to him. Errol glanced the other way, with a pouty face on.

"Um, well, I think we'll take a few sunflower seeds and pumpkin seeds, right guys?"

The two boys nodded eagerly.

"Okay," The owner began, jotting this down on a tiny piece of paper, "Trade or pay?"

"Ummmm...we don't have any money, so trade. Wadda' you want?"

The owner looked at the gang, inspecting every single object in their possession.

"What about....that old broken guitar yeh' guys got?"

Jingle gawked at him.

"_WHAT_!?" He shouted, finally snapping. "NOT MY GUITAR!!!!"

The owner gruffly put his paws on his hips.

"No guitar, no food." He said, smirking.

Broken Strings By HammyClovery (XD I'm verrry hyper right now!)

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I already have an idea for my next fic! Augh! I still need to finish this one still! Poopy! I won't tell what the next of mine will be till' the last chapter of this one, but it's really giving me a writer's block on this one. Double-poopy! But I have a feeling my next fic will be quite popular, due to the fact that it has a lot to do with a little fear of mine in RL. (I'm not gonna tell you that fear/inspiration here! Ha ha!) But let me finish this one quickly. I hope I don't drift off here. I tend to do that sometimes.

Triple-poopy! XD

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It was later in the evening and Gladys was preparing for bed. They had decided to set up camp a hundred feet away from the trading post, mainly because Jingle had discovered he did not get along with the owner.

Gladys smirked at the thought of Jingle shouting. For the few days she had known him, never once did he shout or lose his temper. She would never be able to hold her anger for that long, Errol too.

Flicking some dirt out of her nails, Gladys looked up at Herbert, who was contently munching on a blade of grass he had found.

"Is-is that good?" She asked him. Despite that fact that Herbert would not give her an answer, Gladys still asked it. She felt like she was going mad out here with those two boys. They were both so carefree and never seemed to stress about stuff. Gladys felt like it was rubbing off on her, and in her opinion, that was a negative thing.

Herbert simply gnawed the grass. He apparently didn't want to share.

Gladys felt a paw on her shoulder. Looking behind her, she noticed Errol. Startled, Gladys blushed at him. His face was dimly lit by the moonlight and he had that type of happy-go-lucky grin on. Gladys found it irresistible.

"Errol?" She squeaked.

Errol smiled.

"Hey there Glad-Ware." He said.

Gladys diverted her eyes to the large puddle in front of her, her reflection shone in the moonlight. Her face was completely red.

"Hey what's up with the beat face?" Errol quizzically asked. He seemed not to notice Gladys' blushing was towards him.

"Oh, nothing," Gladys sighed. She was too busy staring at his and hers reflections. They seemed so drastically different. While Errol's

was bright, comforting, and quite good looking, Gladys felt her reflection seemed to reflect her personality more than her looks. Just a normal ham girl sitting next to bright, vibrant Errol. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Maybe I am too boring," She muttered.

"Huh?" Errol asked.

Gladys snapped out of her thoughts and looked up at his face.

"Errol, can I ask you something?"

"Anything."

"Am, am I too, mature? Too uptight? Do I seem to act older than I should? Do I?"

Errol paused. He gazed at the stars for a few seconds, and scratched his head. Then a broad smile reached his face.

"You, know? That's funny." He said.

"What?"

"It seems all this time, I thought you had changed so much."

"...changed?"

"Yeah. You seemed very comfortable with yourself. You knew what you were doing. You were the leader! Some might find that very mature of you, Gladys, but I find it just plain hot!"

Gladys stared at him. Up to his old antics again.

"Errol!" She cooed, red faced. "That's not really the answer I expected!"

Errol patted her on the head.

"But hey, it's better than you acting more childish than you are. I mean, the way you act, you can communicate with people better." He reassured. "And who cares if other people think you're too uptight. It just matters what you think. We may be exact opposites, Gladys, but that's why I love you."

Errol leaned over and kissed Gladys gently on the lips.

Gladys didn't know what to expect. Errol, or anyone for that matter, had never kissed her before, but boy did she love it.

"There, is that the answer you wanted?" Errol asked.

Gladys nodded happily.

"Yes!" She exclaimed, hugging him.

"...and I love you too!"

(A/N: The final chapter is the next chapter! WOOT!)

10. Arguing Is Just Another Form Of Flirting

Broken Strings By HamClover

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Ohhh, man! My stupid Internet has been down for the past three days! I can't believe I survived it! Throws computer into boiling pit of lava Muwahahaha! Okay, well, since I haven't written in about three days, please don't get upset it people seem a little out of character. I need to get back into the hang of things! Final chapter! XD

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Chapter 9:

It was the next day. The party was standing on a road. Gladys stood next to Errol, Jingle and Herbert standing in front of them.

"Jingle, do we have to split up? I mean, you can stay with me and Errol for a while!" She whined.

Jingle smiled and strummed his now fixed guitar. How did it get fixed, you ask? Heh, that's for you to figure out for yourself. (A/N: Don't hurt me! runs away from angry readers AHHH!)

"Me and Herbert have other places to go..." He said.

"...Like where?" Errol asked rather flatly.

"I have a few friends off that way, one of them is called Ham N' Cheese. Cool guy, yes."

"....Ham N' Cheese!?" Errol scoffed.

"What kind of name is that!?" Gladys giggled. Jingle shrugged.

After hanging out with two goofballs like Jingle and Errol, Gladys realized that maybe she should act a little more childish; when she feels like it.

"Oinky!" Herbert squealed, munching on a piece of corn he had found in a field.

Jingle nodded at Herbert.

"Herbert here says its time to go." He stated.

Gladys sniffed. "Do you have to go? Really?" She pleaded.

"I am going."

Gladys walked up and hugged Jingle.

"Oh thank-q! Thank-q! Thank-q!" She cried.

"...For what?" Jingle asked.

"For being with me!"

Jingle smiled and crouched down to the tiny Gladys. He held a broken guitar string in his paw.

"Here, keep it." He said.

Gladys held the string and carefully inspected it.

"Why...?" She sniffed.

"Oh, I don't know."

Errol snorted and crossed his arms.

"Well that's real sentimental!" He said sarcastically.

Gladys stood up and gave Errol a menacing stare.

"You idiot! That's not polite!"

"Oh? Why?"

"Cause!"

"Pssh."

"**ERROL**!"

Jingle stood up, swinging his guitar around his back, hopped up on Herbert.

"Hey," He said.

Gladys and Errol stopped arguing (or more like flirting) and stared at him.

"Take care,"

And walking off in the distance, Gladys and Errol watched Jingle and Herbert disappear.

A few minutes later, Errol sighed and glomped Gladys' paw.

"Well," He began.

"Shall we depart?"

Gladys smiled graciously at Errol.

"Let's go!"

ANNNNNND That's THE END

(A/N: Augh, sorry about the unexplained guitar fixing thing. I think it ruined the story. I had a writer's block. Ugh. Okay! Well, my next

fic should be up within a few days. It's called As Seen On TV_)

End
file.